

## Endless 85

### Chapter 85: The Glorious Overlord

Walking in the corridor, a strange feeling enveloped Bologue, a sensation he had experienced several times before. In his memory, every time this feeling arose, it was accompanied by the release of Secret Energy.

Ether, the abundant Ether was enveloping him, like an unknown blessing, a Protection upon himself.

"Geoffrey, can you see those things?"

Bologue patted Geoffrey in front of him, his gaze carrying a hint of caution, looking towards the corner of the corridor.

After temporary permission was granted to him, Bologue discovered that the "Cultivation Room" he was familiar with had undergone some changes.

The once clean stone bricks were now covered in dust with some cracks, and in the corners, there were illusions of shadows—a series of figures existing between reality and illusion, constantly appearing and disappearing.

"Don't worry, this is an abnormal phenomenon observed with level three permissions... it's a normal occurrence." Geoffrey explained in a roundabout way.

Bologue roughly understood his meaning, realizing that the "Cultivation Room" distorts perception of those within, and with different permissions, one could observe varying aspects of the "Cultivation Room".

Like the door Bologue just saw, he distinctly remembered that he had never seen that door before, and now it suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

As an employee of the Field Operations Department, Bologue had level two permissions, and with the temporary granting of level three permissions, a world of bizarre sights unfolded before him.

"Are these the things you usually see?" Bologue asked.

"No, I usually operate with level two permissions, and only utilize level three permissions when necessary. After all, as you can feel, the atmosphere of the work environment is quite important." Geoffrey replied cheerfully.

The surrounding walls seemed alive, slowly writhing, the hard texture gone, resembling a grayish-white stomach lining.

Bologue nodded in agreement, gaining a new understanding of the mysteries of the "Cultivation Room".

Finally, Geoffrey led Bologue to an elevator; the elevator doors slowly opened, revealing a somewhat cramped interior.

"Let's go."

Geoffrey nudged Bologue, who composed himself and stepped into this elevator he had never seen before.

Then they began to descend.

This elevator seemed to be a direct elevator, with no control buttons and no floor display, just a peculiar symbol floating above.

It was three faces contorted in pain, closely pressed together, enduring eternal torment.

Their eyes seared blind by molten iron, their mouths sewn shut with needles, their eardrums pierced by a Dagger.

"We are heading to the 'Safety Containment Department'." Geoffrey explained at the appropriate time.

Bologue nodded, not asking further questions; unlike the other departments he knew, the moment he stepped into the elevator, he felt a murderous atmosphere, as if some will was moving about, maliciously watching each person.

"Since this department is level three, I can't explain much to you, you just need to know that everything terrible is locked up in here." Geoffrey's words resonated with Bologue, who looked up at those torment-ridden faces, realizing he too might have been considered "terrible" by the Order Bureau at one time.

Black Prison?

Bologue was uncertain.

The elevator shook slightly and descended for an unknown duration before finally reaching the bottom, whereupon the doors opened, revealing a dimly lit world beyond.

Bologue stepped out, finding himself in an even more expansive space.

Like a vast underground factory, the dim lighting barely allowed Bologue to discern the surrounding outlines, where gray-clad individuals walked back and forth, their faces obscured by shadows.

The surroundings were eerily silent, without any sound except for faint breathing that affirmed these gray-clad figures were not phantoms.

"Let's go."

Geoffrey's voice was clear as he led the way.

Along the way, the gray-clad figures seemed to ignore the two of them, not casting a single look, each performing their duties like precise machines, continuously operating.

No words were needed for communication; whenever a gate blocked their path, it would open on its own after a short wait, and compared to the Central Courtyard of the Order Bureau, this place was filled with stagnant gloom.

After wandering through the deep labyrinth for an indeterminate time, Bologue finally reached his destination.

A massive gate blocked the passage, and on its cold metallic surface, the name "Safety Containment Department" was engraved.

The engraving was so vivid, it was as if three pitiable souls were truly integrated into the steel, roaring as if they would burst out of the gate.

After a brief wait, as if someone finally noticed them, a gray-clad figure approached.

"Bologue Lazarus, the next recipient of the implant, before the ritual begins, I would like to take him to see that thing."

Geoffrey explained.

The gray-clad man listened and waved his hand, and the sound of wailing and sobbing came from the gate.

In a daze, those three hideous faces seemed to come alive. They wailed with all their might, yet could not change their fate. Then the gate slowly began to rise, while the gray-clad man, at some unknown moment, vanished into the gloom.

Bologue held his breath slightly, not because of what lay beyond the gate, but because of the eerie "Safety Containment Department." Even with his Undying Body, a surge of unease overwhelmed him as soon as he stepped inside.

Then he asked softly.

"Implanted? What do you mean?"

"You'll know soon enough." Geoffrey grinned wickedly, leading Bologue past the gate.

Beyond the gate was an enormous cubic space, also filled with many gray-clad figures wandering around, their activities unclear. In the center of the cubic space stood a large cylindrical glass container.

The cylindrical glass container was filled with a transparent liquid. From the top and bottom, a glow emanated through the liquid, casting a ghostly blue hue, and within this glow, Bologue saw the thing.

It was a corpse, a male corpse, like a specimen soaked in the container, but unlike the specimens Bologue was familiar with.

That corpse... no...

Bologue was unsure if he should even call it a corpse. It soaked in the solution, seemingly preserved in crystal, its skin possessing a lifelike flush. With its eyes closed, it appeared merely asleep.

This was not the end; the man was naked, and as Bologue approached, the corpse-like man seemed to sense something, his body shimmering with waves of Yin light, and intricate patterns emerged on his skin.

Alchemy Matrix.

This was not Bologue's first time seeing an Alchemy Matrix. Be it the glow that accompanied the use of the Shock Hammer or during battles with other Condensers, he had seen the light erupting with the patterns.

But this was different.

If the Alchemy Matrices Bologue had seen before were mere simple drawings, then the one erupting before him was like a grand mural painted by a master.

Cheeks, neck, chest, back, arms, legs...

Intricate patterns undulated along the surface of the body, like the veins of a leaf, with rolling Canyin liquid flowing through them. The light was so pure that it seemed solidified, transformed into tangible golden liquid, gushing and surging through the patterns.

"Look closely, it's usually locked deep within the 'Safety Containment Department.' Even with authorization, it's hard to see. It was moved here temporarily for you."

Geoffrey gazed at the man in the glass container. The brilliant light seized their attention, while the gray-clad figures remained indifferent, focused only on their tasks.

The man seemed to have entered some peculiar state, appearing dead, with no breath or heartbeat, yet seemingly alive, his body brimming with vitality and strength.

Bologue had an illusion that the man would awaken any moment, and when he did, everyone present would perish.

"Is it dead, or..."

Bologue inquired.

"Not sure, but I feel like it's dead. Yet it's so powerful, even in death, it seems alive."

Regarding the man in the container, Geoffrey felt nothing but awe.

"You said this is for me... implanted..."

Bologue's gaze was fully occupied by the Canyon glow, recalling the information from Geoffrey's words.

The fragmented information pieced together, unveiling an incredulous answer before him.

Bologue felt immense trepidation, yet was filled with anticipation, like a gambler eager to try his luck, clutching onto the last chip, hoping to win a kingdom from the table.

Struggling to tear his gaze from the man, his breath quickened, and his blue eyes were bloodshot.

"Who is he?"

Faced with Bologue's question, Geoffrey swallowed, his expression solemn.

"He is the most valuable prize we obtained seven years ago from the hands of the King's Secret Sword during the secret war."

Golden liquid surged and coiled.

"His name is Xilin Kagader.

The previous Sword Holder of the King's Secret Sword, a Seeker of Glory illuminated by radiance and holiness."

"Of course, for those who survived the secret war, he also has another more familiar name."

Geoffrey gazed at the man's corpse before him, now the deceased Demon, the Death God of seven years ago.

"Overlord."